

ONLY A STRONG AMERICA CAN PREVENT

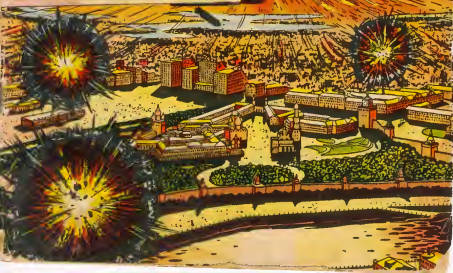
FEB.
10c

ATOMIC

WAR!

ACE

WE'LL PLANT THIS H-BOMB
RIGHT IN THE KREMLIN AND
AVENGE WHAT THE REDS DID
TO NEW YORK, CHICAGO
AND DETROIT....
BOMBS AWAY!



First Lieutenant
Henry A. Commiskey, USMC
Medal of Honor



ONE SEPTEMBER DAY, near Yongdangp'o, Korea, Lieutenant Commiskey's platoon was assaulting a vital position called Hill 85. Suddenly it hit a field of fire from a Red machine gun. The important attack stopped cold. Alone, and armed with only a .45 calibre pistol, Lieutenant Commiskey jumped to his feet, rushed the gun. He dispatched its five-man crew, then reloaded, and cleaned out another foxhole. Inspired by his daring, his platoon cleared and captured the hill. Lieutenant Commiskey says:

"After all, only a limited number of Americans need serve in uniform. But, thank God there are millions more who are proving their devotion in another vitally important way. People like you, whose 50-billion-dollar investment in U.S. Defense Bonds helps make America so strong no Commie can crack us from within! That counts plenty!

"Our bullets alone can't keep you and your family peacefully secure. But our bullets—and your Bonds—do!"

★ ★ ★

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Peace is for the strong! For peace and prosperity
save with U.S. Defense Bonds!



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COMMANDO CRACKERJACK

RED UKRAS! DIVE INTO THAT SHELTER, OLEM, BEFORE WE'RE CUT OFF!

A TARGET... THAT'S ALL LONDON IS! A HUGE, OPEN TARGET!

The purpose of this book is to safeguard America. We want everyone—friend and foe alike—to realize the complete, utter devastation that another war will bring. We hope all who read this will think—and pray that what you see here will never happen. And it won't—if we are **PREPARED!**

LONDON SHUDDERED AS THE RUSSIAN "UKRAS," SUPERSONIC GUIDED MISSILES, STRUCK AT ITS HEART FROM THE OCCUPIED LOW COUNTRIES. THE FASTEST JETS COULD ONLY INTERCEPT A SMALL NUMBER OF THEM, CAUGHT IN THE TURMOIL OF THE ATTACK IS ADAM MAESTRICH, A YOUNG DUTCH SCIENTIST WHO HAD ESCAPED THE RUSSIANS IN ROTTERDAM AND IS NOW ON PASS FROM A U.N. COMMANDO TRAINING OUTFIT...

WHEW... JUST MADE IT!

ANOTHER FIVE SECONDS AND THE COMMANDOS WOULD BE LOOKING FOR TWO REPLACEMENTS!

BOOOOOO!

THREE HUNDRED FEET BELOW LONDON'S SURFACE...

BLIMEY! THE REDS ARE HAVING THEMSELVES A FIELD DAY WITH THOSE FLYING TIN FISH!

IF THE LAUNCHING SITE ISN'T FOUND SOON, LONDON WILL BE A GRAVEYARD LIKE ROTTERDAM AFTER THE SATURATION BOMBINGS!

AS THE ALL CLEAR SOUNDED, SEVERAL HOURS LATER . . .

I DON'T UNDERSTAND YOU, ADAM / YOU'RE A SCIENTIST / YOU'VE BEEN OFFERED A SAFE JOB IN AN UNDERGROUND LABORATORY A HUNDRED MILES FROM LONDON, AND YOU VOLUNTEER FOR THE COMMANDOS /

THE RUSSIANS WIPED OUT MY WHOLE FAMILY / I WAS LUCKY TO ESCAPE / ISN'T THAT REASON ENOUGH TO WANT A CRACK AT THEN ?

I PROMISED MYSELF THAT ONE DAY I WOULD RETURN TO HOLLAND / THE COMMANDOS MAY GIVE ME THAT CHANCE /

HE ISN'T COMMANDO MATERIAL, BUT HE TRIES LIKE THE DEVIL / IT WOULD ONLY HURT HIM TO KNOW THAT THEY'RE ABOUT TO WASH HIM OUT /

ADAM, LET'S HEAD BACK TO CAMP. OUR TIME IS RUNNING OUT /

AT THE COMMANDOS' CAMP SOUTHWICK, INTENSIVE TRAINING WENT ON . . .

I LIKE THAT BOY MAESTRICH, BUT I'M AFRAID HE'S NOT COMMANDO MATERIAL, OLSEN /

YOU'RE RIGHT / HE HASN'T GOT THE STAMINA / HE DOESN'T SLUG HARD ENOUGH / I'LL HAVE TO WASH HIM OUT /

ALL RIGHT, MAESTRICH, GET UP / TRY THAT HOLD AGAIN / YOU FELL LIKE A SACK OF POTATOES / WHAT ARE YOU SCARED OF ?

NOTHING / I'LL DO IT BETTER THIS TIME /

NO, NO, NOT LIKE THAT / WHY, YOU DUMB HEINIE, WHO EVER TOLD YOU TO JOIN THE COMMANDOS ?

HEINIE / YOU CALL ME A HEINIE / I WILL BREAK YOUR FAT NECK, YOU STUPID OX /

LOOK AT MAESTRICH RIP INTO RIGBY. BETTER TEAR HIM LOOSE OR HE'LL KILL HIM / MAYBE WE OUGHT TO LET MAESTRICH STICK AROUND AFTER ALL /

HEY, WHAT THE . . . AAAARRR / GET OFF ME /



MAESTRICH / LET
GO OF HIM / THAT'S
ENOUGH!

ADAM, TAKE IT EASY / HE
DIDN'T MEAN ANYTHING!



IF YOU ASK ME, SIR, HE
BELONGS IN AN INSTITUTION,
NOT IN THE COMMANDOS / HE
ALMOST STRANGLED ME!

MAESTRICH,
WHAT'S EATING
YOU?



MY FATHER WAS A NAZI
COLLABORATOR DURING
THE LAST WAR / I HATED
HIM / WHEN I HEARD THE
WORD HEINIE, I THOUGHT
MY LOYALTY WAS BEING
QUESTIONED / I... I
DON'T THINK I'M
SORRY!

SAVE YOUR
FIGHTING FOR
THE RUSSIANS.
MAESTRICH /
LEARN TO CON-
TROL YOURSELF!
NO INSULT
INTENDED /
DISMISSED!



JET U.N. STAFF HEADQUARTERS IN LONDON, THE "UKRAS"
BECAME THE NUMBER ONE PROBLEM...

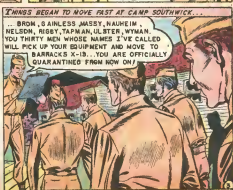
HERE'S THE ISLAND IN THE
WEST FRISIAN GROUP / THE
MISSILE LAUNCHERS ARE BUILT
RIGHT INTO THE ROCK / OUR
BOMBERS CAN'T GET NEAR
THEM!

I KNOW!
WE'VE LOST TWO HUN-
DRED PLANES TO THEIR
ELECTRONIC A.A. GUNS!
THIS IS A JOB FOR THE
COMMANDOS!



I WANT THE SECRET WIRE TO
OPERATIONS HEADQUARTERS,
COMMANDO SECTION!

YES, GENERAL
FEVERSHAM!



THINGS BEGAN TO MOVE FAST AT CAMP SOUTHWICK...

... BRON, SAINLESS, JASSY, NAUHEIM,
NELSON, REBBY, TAPMAN, ULSTER, WYMAN.
YOU THIRTY MEN WHOSE NAMES I'VE CALLED
WILL PICK UP YOUR EQUIPMENT AND MOVE TO
BARRACKS X-13... YOU ARE OFFICIALLY
QUARANTINED FROM NOW ON!

WHILE ON DUTY IN HEADQUARTERS, ADAM BROODED OVER HIS FAILURE TO BE SELECTED FOR THE MISSION.

THERE'S A MISSION UNDER WAY / WHY DIDN'T THEY CHOOSE ME ? IS IT ON ACCOUNT OF MY FIGHT WITH SGT. RIGBY ?



MAESTRICH, GET ME MAP SERIES A-53 TO A-57 AND THE PHOTORAMAS THAT GO WITH THEM! BRING THEM TO COLONEL WHITE'S OFFICE!

YES, SIR / RIGHT AWAY!



THIS MISSION MUST BE TO THE FRISIAN ISLANDS / I'VE GOT TO GET ON THAT MISSION SOMEHOW!

REP



LATER, IN COLONEL WHITE'S OFFICE.

THANKS, MAESTRICH, THAT'LL BE ALL!

CAPTAIN, YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO LEAVE ME OFF THIS MISSION. THE MAPS TIPPED ME OFF THAT THE WEST FRISIAN ISLANDS ARE THE OBJECTIVE. I KNOW THEM LIKE THE PALM OF MY HAND / I SPENT TEN SUMMER VACATIONS THERE!



HERE'S YOUR FIRST SECURITY LEAK, HARRY / YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE MAESTRICH ALONG! IF HE KNOWS THE ISLANDS THAT WELL, HE'LL BE VALUABLE!

ALL RIGHT MAESTRICH, YOU MIGHT AS WELL KNOW / WE'RE AFTER THE UKRA LAUNCHERS! GET YOUR STUFF AND MOVE INTO OPERATIONS / AND DON'T TANGLE WITH SGT. RIGBY!



THE NEXT EVENING, AFTER A FULL DAY'S BRIEFING . . .

I STILL DON'T SEE WHY YOU'RE LETTING MAESTRICH COME ON THIS MISSION / HE CAN'T BE DEPENDED ON / HE'LL LET US DOWN IN THE CLUTCH!

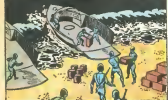
YOU MAY BE WRONG, SERGEANT / MAESTRICH CAN BE MIGHTY VALUABLE!



JET MARGATE, ON THE EAST COAST OF ENGLAND, THREE JET-POWERED ASSAULT BOATS WERE READY...

EASY WITH THOSE DEMOL BLOCKS! GET THAT GEAR LOADED ON THE DOUBLE! FILE IN, MEN! START THOSE MOTORS!

C'MON, MAESTRICH, GET THE LEAD OUT OF YOUR BOOTS!



WITH A POWERFUL ROAR, THE JETS DROVE THE ASSAULT CRAFT ALONG AT A TREMENDOUS CLIP...

HOW LONG BEFORE WE HIT THE FRISIAN ISLANDS, SALWAY?

A LITTLE OVER AN HOUR, SIR, PROVIDED WE DON'T RUN INTO RED PATROL CRAFT!



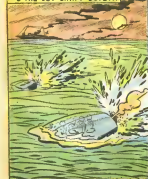
TWENTY MINUTES LATER...

SALWAY, THIS SCREEN IS JUMPIN' WITH BLIPS! WHAT'S OUT THERE IN FRONT OF US?

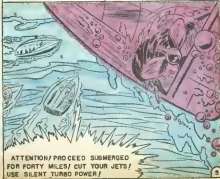
LOOKS LIKE A RED PATROL FLEET! I DON'T THINK THEY'VE SPOTTED US YET! OUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO SUBMERGE!



AS THE JET CRAFT DROVE...



FIFTY FATHOMS BENEATH THE RUSSIAN FLEET...



RETURNING TO THE SURFACE AFTER SLIPPING PAST THE RUSSIAN PATROL, THE JET CRAFT STREAKED TOWARD THE DULL OUTLINE OF THEIR OBJECTIVE. . .

ATTENTION, ROVER AND COMET! CUT YOUR JETS! WE'LL COAST IN ON OUR MOMENTUM! STEER COURSE 080!

CAPTAIN OLSEN, RADAR IS FLASHING OBSTACLE SIGNALS! THE AREA MUST BE MINED! BUT I KNOW THE APPROACH FROM DUE EAST HAS A TWO HUNDRED YARD SAND BAR. WE CAN MADE IN FROM THERE!



I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT, MAESTRICH!

ATTENTION, ROVER, COMET! CHANGE COURSE! APPROACH DUE EAST! LOOK OUT FOR FLOATING GOLF BALLS!



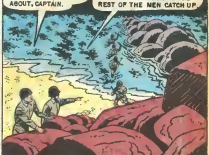
HEAD FOR THAT ROCK BARRIER! IT SHOULD COVER US UNTIL WE HIT THE ISLAND! MAESTRICH, YOU'LL TAKE THE LEAD POSITION!



SILENTLY, THE COMMANDOS WADED ASHORE. . .

HERE'S THE NATURAL STAIRCASE I TOLD YOU ABOUT, CAPTAIN.

SWELL, WE'LL START CLIMBING AS SOON AS THE REST OF THE MEN CATCH UP.



AS THE COMMANDOS PREPARED TO ASCEND. . .

HIT THE GROUND! KISS DIRT! THEY'RE LAUNCHING 'UKRAS'!

KRAAM!
KROOOM!

WHOOOSH!
KAR-ROOOSH!



ABOVE THE SHOCK-FROZEN TASK FORCE, AS THE BLASTS DIED AWAY...

BE VERY CAREFUL ABOUT THIS ELECTRONIC EYE, DMITRI! IF THE TENSION ON IT IS RELEASED, OR YOU DROP IT, THE ALERT IS SOUNDED! YOU KNOW HOW IT WORKS!

YES, SERGEANT! I'M SUPPOSED TO KEEP IT POINTED TOWARD THE CLIFF, WHEN METAL STRIKES THE ELECTRONIC BEAM IT FLASHES BACK A SIGNAL!



THE COMMANDOS SCRAMBLED UP THE ROCKY LEDGE UNDER ABAM'S LEADERSHIP...

ONE OF THEM IS MINE!

CUT HIS THROAT, MAESTRICH! I'LL TAKE THE OTHER ONE!



I SAID I WOULD COME BACK! I'VE SETTLED MY FIRST SCORE!

STOP STRUGGLING, RUSSEY! JUST CLOSE YOUR EYES AND RELAX... FOREVER!



SUDDENLY...

WHAT HAPPENED? THE WHOLE ISLAND IS JUMPIN'!

AN ELECTRONIC EYE DID IT! THE MOMENT HE COLLAPSED, THE SIGNAL WAS RELEASED!



THE ELECTRONIC SIGNAL SOUNDED IN THE RED BARRACKS...

MAYBE THAT FOOL DMITRI DROPPED THE ELECTRONIC EYE!

OR COULD IT BE AN INVASION! LET'S GO, SERGEANT!



WE'RE OUTHNUMBERED! THEY'LL KILL US ALL! LET'S GO BACK TO THE BOATS!

I'VE GOT TO STOP HIM OR HE'LL PANIC THE OTHERS!

GO AHEAD... RUN! I KNEW YOU'D CRACK THE MOMENT THINGS GOT TOUGH! S'WAN, BEAT IT! I KNEW YOU WERE A DIRTY, YELLOW HEINE ALL ALONG!



SO I'M A YELLOW HENIE? I'LL
SHOW YOU, RIGBY! I'LL KILL
AS MANY REDS AS YOU DO...
AND AFTER I'M THROUGH...

C'MON, MAESTRICH,
LET THAT WEAPON
DO YOUR TALKING!

RUSH 'EM / DON'T GIVE 'EM A
CHANCE TO GET ORGANIZED!
DEMOL CREW...HEAD FOR
THOSE LAUNCHERS NEAR
THE ROCK WALL!

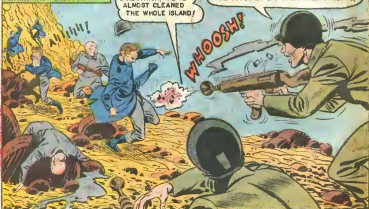
FOLLOW ME! WE'LL
MAKE THIS A MASS
GRAVE FOR THESE
RED BUTCHERS!



THE COMMANDO WAVE BROKE
OVER THE SURPRISED REDS,
FORCING THEM BACK...

SLUG 'EM WITH A
FEW MORE ROUNDS.
MAESTRICH! WE'VE
ALMOST CLEANED
THE WHOLE ISLAND!

LOOK HOW THIS SHRAPNEL GUN
SPATTERS THEM! THEY'RE FINISHED.
WE CUT THEM OFF FROM THEIR ARSENAL!



THE ISLAND WAS SOON IN
COMMANDO HANDS...

YOU'VE LOCATED THE UKRA
STOCK PILE? GOOD! SET
YOUR CHARGES FOR
A TWENTY-FIVE
MINUTE DELAY!

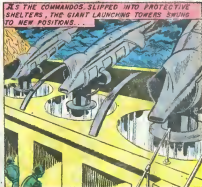
CAPTAIN,
THERE'S THE
CONTROL ROOM!
WE HAVEN'T CHECKED
IT YET!



ON THE RAMP LEADING TO
THE FIRE CONTROL ROOM...

SURPRISE PARTY, EH?
GIVE 'EM A PRESENT,
FELLERS!





THE GIANT MISSILES TORE THROUGH SPACE AT SUPERSONIC SPEED...



MOMENTS LATER THEY WERE OVER THE DUTCH MAINLAND, CREATING PANIC AMONG THE RUSSIANS AS THEY DROPPED TOWARD THEIR TARGET...

YIH! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES / UKRAB ARE COMING DOWN!

THEY'RE GOING TO HIT THE AMMO DEPOT / HAAAAHHH!



WITH VOLCANIC FURY, THE ATOMIC MISSILES STRUCK DEAD CENTER.



AFTER THE LAST MISSILE WAS LAUNCHED...

NEH, THIS WAS A BANG UP JOB / YOU KNOCKED IT OFF LIKE YOU'D BEEN TAKING ISLANDS EVERY DAY / NOW LET'S GET OFF THIS ROCK / WE'VE GOT TWENTY MINUTES BEFORE ITS FACE GETS LIFTED!



MAESTRICH, YOU'VE BEEN OUR KEY MAN ON THIS JOB / THE COMMANDANT WILL SET A FULL REPORT!

THANKS, CAPTAIN / THIS WAS ONE RAID I DIDN'T WANT TO MISS / IT HAD A SPECIAL, PERSONAL MEANING FOR ME!



CAREFULLY INCHING THEIR WAY THROUGH THE MINED WATERS, THE ASSAULT CRAFT RAN WITH MUFFLED JETS...

CAPTAIN, WHAT'S THAT HEADED THIS WAY?

LOOKS LIKE A RED CORVETTE. THE GOMMIES MUST HAVE SIGNALLED A NEARBY ISLAND AS SOON AS WE LANDED / WE MUSTN'T LET 'EM LAND IN TIME OR THEY'LL NEUTRALIZE OUR MISSION!



WE'VE GOT NOTHING TO BLAST THAT TUB WITH / THE BOATS WERE COMPLETELY STRIPPED DOWN TO GIVE US MORE SPEED! HEY, MAESTRICH, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

WE CAN'T AFFORD TO HAVE THIS VICTORY SNATCHED AWAY / I'M GOING AFTER THAT CORVETTE / SHE'S GOING TO BE SUNK WITH ONE OF THEIR OWN MINES!



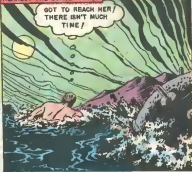
MAESTRICH, YOU'RE NUTS / THOSE ARE MAGNETIC CONTACT MINES / YOU WON'T HAVE A CHANCE TO GET AWAY!

I KNOW, CAPTAIN / BUT I'M THINKING OF LONDON... BLASTED BY UKRAS, AND THOUSANDS OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN LIVING IN TERROR OR DYING AS MY WHOLE FAMILY DIED! GOOD-BYE, CAPTAIN... REMEMBER ME!

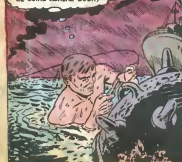


ADAM SWAM WITH SWIFT STROKES TOWARD THE MINES NEAREST THE CORVETTE...

GOT TO REACH HER / THERE ISN'T MUCH TIME!



I'VE GOT TO WORK FAST / THE SHIP'S MOVE TO / THEY'LL BE GOING ASHORE SOON!



ABOARD THE RUSSIAN CORVETTE...

SWEEP THESE WATERS WITH THE SEARCHLIGHTS / THE AMERICANS MAY STILL BE AROUND!

THE LANDING CRAFT ARE READY, CAPTAIN!





THAT BEAN IS GETTING CLOSER... THIS MINE IS HEAVY... I MUST FINISH THE JOB... I MUST... I MUST!

SUDDENLY, ADAM WAS CAUGHT FULL IN THE SWEEPING ARC OF LIGHT...



ПОМОГАЙТЕ!

THEY'VE SPOTTED ME / I ONLY NEED... OOWWWW!

IN THE ASSAULT BOATS, THE COMMANDOS HELD THEIR BREATH...

THEY'VE HIT HIM... THE DIRTY FORTEN REDS / HE'S GOING DOWN!

NO, HE'S MAKING ONE LAST TRY / HE'LL MAKE IT! THEY CAN'T STOP HIM NOW!



WITH THE LAST URGE OF HIS EBBING STRENGTH, ADAM RAMMED THE POWERFUL MINE AGAINST THE CORVETTE...



MOMENTS LATER, AS THE COMMANDO JET CRAFT RACED AWAY, THE ENTIRE ISLAND EXPLODED!

THERE GOES THE ISLAND! WHEN 8-2 ASKS ME HOW WE MANAGED TO KNOCK OUT THE MOST POWERFUL "UNRA" BASE, I'LL ANSWER IN TWO WORDS: "ADAM MAESTRICH"!

HE WAS RIGHT WHEN HE CALLED ME A STUPID OX / I NEVER FIGURED ANYBODY SO WRONG IN MY LIFE / HE WAS A REAL COMMANDO!



HE HAD NO FAMILY, NOBODY... AND NOW ONLY A HANDFUL OF MEN WHO KNEW HIM A SHORT WHILE WILL REMEMBER WHAT HE DID!

YOU'RE WRONG, FROWE! ADAM MAESTRICH'S MEMORIAL IS OUT THERE! IT'S THAT RUINED ISLAND, ALWAYS TO BE REMEMBERED BY HIS PEOPLE / AND SOME DAY, WHEN THE RUSSIANS ARE LICKED, IT WILL BECOME A SHRINE FOR FREEDOM!



THE END

Log of the SNORKEL WOLF PACK

SPRING, 1960...

AS AMERICA SLOWLY RECOVERED FROM THE DEADLY RUSSIAN A-BOMB BLASTS, A NEW MENACE WAS LAUNCHED AGAINST ITS COASTS. POWERFUL LONG RANGE RUSSIAN SNORKELS MOVED IN PACKS AGAINST THE UNITED NATIONS LIFE LINE TO EUROPE. NO CONVOY WAS SAFE FROM THE STABBING ATTACKS, AND NONE GOT THROUGH UNSCATHED UNTIL THAT TURBULENT MAY MORNING WHEN THE COMMANDER OF DESTROYER DIVISION NINE, CAPTAIN JARVIS BROWN LED A STRANGE CONVOY AGAINST THE SNORKEL FLEET...

THE RUSE WORKED, PAUL! WE'LL MAKE THIS AREA A SNORKEL GRAVEYARD!

I'VE COUNTED SIX DIRECT HITS, CAPTAIN BROWN! THE REST OF THEM ARE BEGINNING TO DIVE!

SCORE ANOTHER ONE FOR US! WE'VE SWEEPED THE AREA! SIGNAL FOR COURSE REVERSAL! WE'LL COVER THE AREA WITH RADAR HEDGEHOGS!

RETRACING THEIR SWEEP, THE DESTROYERS RADARED ROCKETS BELOW TO DESTROY THE ESCAPING SUBS...

TWO HITS AT A HUNDRED FATHOMS!

THESE NEW HEDGEHOGS ARE SURE POISON FOR THOSE SUBS!

FOR HOURS, THE AREA WAS CRISSCROSSED AND BLASTED WITH POWERFUL UNDERSEA CHARGES...

ALL RIGHT, PAUL, I'M SATISFIED THERE'S NOTHING BUT DEAD SNORKELS DOWN THERE! WE CAN HAUL UP THE MAGNETIC REPULSOR NETS!



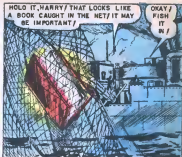
GOOD WORK, CLAUSEN! THIS MAY BE VALUABLE! WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT, COMMANDER?

IT LOOKS LIKE A LOG BOOK TO ME! I CAN'T READ RUSSIAN, THOUGH.



HOLD IT, HARRY! THAT LOOKS LIKE A BOOK CAUGHT IN THE NET! IT MAY BE IMPORTANT!

OKAY! FISH IT IN!



WE'LL TURN IT OVER TO NAVAL INTELLIGENCE WHEN WE HIT PORT!



THE DESTROYER FLEET STEAMED PAST THE BLASTED RUINS OF NEW YORK TO ITS NEW NAVAL BASE IN NEW JERSEY...



THAT SAME EVENING, AT NAVAL INTELLIGENCE...

WHAT'S THAT BOOK BROWN BROUGHT IN, BARRIS?

IT IS THE LOG OF COMMANDER VARASLAY, THE COMMANDER OF THE SNORKEL WOLF PACK / HEADQUARTERS ASSIGNED ME TO TRANSLATE IT! THIS WILL BE AN ALL-NIGHT JOB!

ENEMY DOCUMENTS SECTION

FUELED BY THE IMPORTANCE OF HIS TASK, LIEUTENANT BARRIS GOT TO WORK. WHEN MORNING CAME...

IT'S DYNAMITE, ADMIRAL! A COMPLETE DIARY! IT NAMES THE WHOLE RUSSIAN NAVAL BRASS, PINPOINTS SNORKEL PENS, LISTS NEW WEAPONS AND GIVES THE HISTORY OF THE MISSION!

GOOD WORK, BARRIS. YOU'LL GIVE US A COMPLETE REPORT AT THE CONFERENCE THIS AFTERNOON. GET SOME SLEEP 'TILL THEN...

LATER THAT DAY, BEFORE HIGH-RANKING INTELLIGENCE OFFICERS, BARRIS BEGAN THE NARRATION...

"PERSONAL LOG OF COMMANDER GREGOR VARASLAY, HERO OF THE SOVIET UNION, SUVOVOV MEDAL OF HONOR, COMMANDER OF THE KRONSTADT SUBMARINE FLEET..."

"APRIL 15TH, 1950... GLORIOUS DAY! THE HIGH COMMAND GAVE ME A MAGNIFICENT SEND-OFF..."

TO YOUR HEALTH, GREGOR! AND DEATH TO THE WESTERN OGGS!

TO OUR GREAT LEADER WHO WILL GUIDE ME TO VICTORY!

"THE NEXT MORNING, I PERSONALLY SUPERVISED THE LOADING OF THE FLEET AT EAST KRONSTADT..."

"FORTRESS KRONSTADT SLID BY. WE WERE ON OUR WAY TO RENDEZVOUS WITH THE REST OF MY FLEET OFF THE HANGO BASE..."

LIEUTENANT PETRON, ORDER THE ENGINES WARMED UP! WE SAIL IN THIRTY-FIVE MINUTES!

VERY GOOD, COMRADE COMMANDER!



"A HUNDRED MILES PAST HANGO, WITH THE ENTIRE FLEET ASSEMBLED, I BROKE OPEN THE SEALED ORDERS..."

YOU ARE TO PROCEED TO THE COASTAL AREA OF NEW YORK, DESTROYING ALL ALLIED SHIPPING EN ROUTE! ON LONG ISLAND, YOU WILL DESTROY ALL AIRCRAFT FACTORIES, DEFENSE PLANTS AND MILITARY INSTALLATIONS. THEN YOU WILL RETURN TO KRONSTADT. SIGNED, NICOLAI BIALSKI, COMMISSAR FOR DEFENSE.

HOORAH!
HOORAH!

"I NOTICED THAT ANDREI SUROVNIK, ROCKET MAN FIRST CLASS, DID NOT SHARE THE ELATION OF THE REST OF THE CREW..."

SUROVNIK DOESN'T SHARE OUR ENTHUSIASM FOR THIS MISSION! I WANT HIM WATCHED CLOSELY, PETRO!

I UNDERSTAND! WE CAN'T AFFORD TO HAVE ANY TROUBLE MAKERS ABOARD! I'LL PUT AN M.K.V.D. MAN NEXT TO HIM!

"APRIL 25, THREE HUNDRED MILES OFF THE IRISH COAST WE SIGHTED OUR FIRST TARGET..."

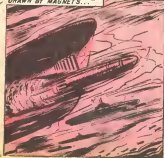


BEARING 275... TEN MERCHANT-MEN... AMERICAN... ESCORTED BY THREE CLASS "C" DESTROYERS. SNORKELS THREE, FIVE, EIGHT AND TEN CLOSE IN TO A THOUSAND YARDS AND FIRE MONITORED TORPEDOES AT ESCORTS. ALL OTHER SHIPS SURFACE AND ATTACK!

BEARING 275... TEN MERCHANT...

"NOW THE STUPID AMERICANS WILL FEEL OUR POWER! THE MONITORED TORPEDOES FOLLOWED THE ENEMY HULLS AS THOUGH DRAWN BY MAGNETS..."

"WE COULDN'T MISS! IT WAS A GLORIOUS SIGHT. NOW THE MERCHANT SHIPS WERE UNPROTECTED AS THE ENEMY DESTROYERS WENT TO THE BOTTOM..."



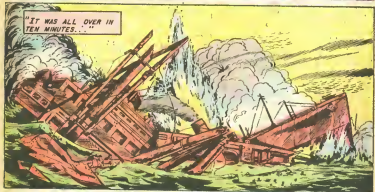
"I SIGNALLED THE FLEET TO CLOSE IN FOR THE KILL..."

"THIS IS WHAT I'VE WAITED FOR, FOR YEARS! THE WEAK, ROTTEN DEMOCRACIES WILL TASTE SOVIET STEEL! CLOSE IN! FIRE AT WILL!"



"GOOD! GOOD! THEY ARE HELPLESS! ONLY THREE MORE LEFT!"

"IT WAS ALL OVER IN TEN MINUTES..."



"WHAT IS IT, SUROVNIK?"

"COMMANDER... ALL THOSE SURVIVORS... WE CAN'T LEAVE THEM!"



"BACK TO YOUR POST, WEAKLING! THE SHARKS WILL TAKE CARE OF THEM!"



"WE SWEEPED THE NORTH ATLANTIC. FIVE HEAVY CONVOYS WERE VANQUISHED BY OUR GREAT SOVIET NIGHT..."

"WE'RE FOUR-HUNDRED MILES OFF THE LABRADOR COAST, COMMANDER!"

"CHANGE COURSE TO 190. WE'LL GO UP TO PERISCOPE DEPTH FOR CONVOYS! NOW SEND ME THAT N.K.V.D. MAN WHO IS WATCHING SUROVNIK!"





"OUR FIRST CASUALTIES.
FOUR SHORKELS DESTROYED
AND ONE DAMAGED. WE
MUST BE MORE CAUTIOUS..."



"AS WE APPROACHED LONG
ISLAND, I RECEIVED ANOTHER
REPORT ON SUROVNIK."

SUROVNIK IS A
TRAITOR / HE'S
TALKING TO THE
MEN RIGHT NOW!

WE SHALL
SEE IN A
MOMENT /
WE'LL PICK
HIM UP ON THE
INTERCON /



IN THIS WAR THE UNITED
STATES AND THE SOVIET UNION WILL
BOTH BE DESTROYED / WHY MUST
WE FIGHT? WHY CAN'T WE
HAVE PEACE?

THAT'S ENOUGH!
GET THE SECURITY
POLICE AND BRING HIM
HERE AT ONCE!



BUT I ONLY SPOKE
OF PEACE... IS IT
DISLOYAL TO WANT
PEACE?

YOU ARE GUILTY OF
SPREADING SEDITIOUS
PROPAGANDA / YOU ARE A
TRAITOR TO OUR SOVIET
MOTHERLAND!

PETROV /
ORDER ALL
VESSELS TO
SURFACE AT
ONCE!



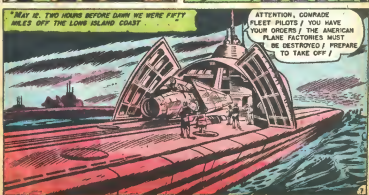
I AM NOT A
TRAITOR / I WANT
PEACE —
AAAAA G0!

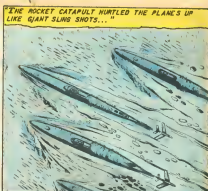
LET THIS BE A LESSON
TO ANY MAN WHO DOES NOT
BELIEVE IN OUR GLORIOUS
VICTORY!



"MAY 12. TWO HOURS BEFORE DAWN WE WERE FIFTY
MILES OFF THE LONG ISLAND COAST."

ATTENTION, CONRADE
FLEET PILOTS / YOU HAVE
YOUR ORDERS / THE AMERICAN
PLANE FACTORIES MUST
BE DESTROYED / PREPARE
TO TAKE OFF!





"SURE ENOUGH, IT WAS A BIG CONVOY...
UNESCORTED TOO!"



"I ORDERED OUR SUBS TO SURFACE... HERE
WAS A CHANCE TO AVENGE THE BLOW STRUCK
OUR PLANES AND TO WIPE OUT THE DISGRACE..."



"SUDDENLY, I COULDN'T BELIEVE MY EYES. THE
CARGO SHIPS SEEMED TO BE SHEDDING THEIR
OUTSIDES! THEY WEREN'T CARGO SHIPS AT ALL!"



"A WAVE OF FIRE BURST OVER US..."

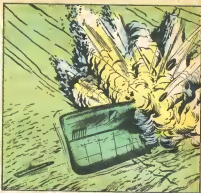
IT'S A TRAP! A
DESTROYER FLEET IS
ATTACKING US! SOUND
EMERGENCY DIVE!



"...STRANGE GUIDED MISSILES FOLLOWED OUR FUTILE
DESCENT..."



"UNDERSEAS, NEW ENEMY WEAPONS PURSUED US WITH RELENTLESS ACCURACY."



"ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY, TWO HUNDRED FATHOMS DOWN, AND STILL THE ENEMY FOLLOWED US..."

NOT A SINGLE SUB ANSWERS/IT MEANS WE ARE ALONE!

IF WE DON'T ESCAPE THESE DEPTH BOMBS IT WILL BE THE END OF US, TOO! SET THE AUXILIARY PUMPS WORKING!

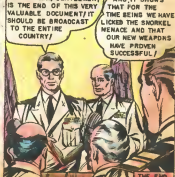


"IT WAS HOPELESS. EVERYTHING WAS LOST!"

MY WHOLE FLEET... LIES... AT THE BOTTOM. THERE IS ONLY... ONE THING... LEFT FOR ME... TO DO.

...AND THAT, GENTLEMEN, IS THE END OF THIS VERY VALUABLE DOCUMENT/IT SHOULD BE BROADCAST TO THE ENTIRE COUNTRY!

AND, IT SHOWS THAT FOR THE TIME BEING WE HAVE LICKED THE SNORKEL MENACE AND THAT OUR NEW WEAPONS HAVE PROVEN SUCCESSFUL!



THE END

THE INVADERS

The young Navy lieutenant hunched his shoulders, and bent lower over the wheel of his car, as he careened along the narrow, slippery road. The heavy slanting rain beat against his cracked windshield—rain that had been falling ever since the hydrogen bomb fell on the Naval shipyards at Newport News, Virginia.

The raid had not resulted in as many deaths as others the Russians had made on the continental United States, but it had done the most damage. The entire shipyard was out of action—no one knew for how long—and almost one third of the Atlantic fleet had been destroyed. Panic had somehow been averted; perhaps because those closest to the blast had been killed, and the others were still suffering from shock and disbelief. They had read about the great raids on New York, Philadelphia and Washington—had even seen them on their television screens—but they could not feel the full impact of a hydrogen-bomb blast until it had happened to them.

The lieutenant had been sent down from the Pentagon—or, what was left of it—to work with the Naval personnel in salvaging what they could from the ruins of Newport News. His main job, however, was in line with his training as an intelligence officer. The Navy had top secret codes, plans, blueprints, and other valuable papers somewhere in the rubble, and it was vital to the nation's security that this material not fall into the wrong hands. His job was to find it.

He had finished for the day, and was heading for the place where he was staying—a small beach house outside the blast area, located on the back road leading to Cape Henry. He had worked late, as his orders were to finish the job as soon as possible. It was fortunate that he drove out when he did, for if he had been earlier, he would not have seen the submarine. The stretch of road he was on led steadily upwards toward the edge of a cliff, and then turned sharply to the right. At the turn, there was another road leading down to a small coastal station, set in the side of

the cliff, facing the ocean. As he slowed the car, preparing to make the turn, he saw something that made him instinctively cut off his lights and stop the car. About a quarter of a mile out to sea, illuminated briefly by his headlights, was a Russian submarine!

He had recognized it instantly. Long hours of studying all types of enemy craft had stamped their images firmly on his mind, and he could not be mistaken. The squat, broad hull; the high, narrow periscope, equipped with the German-designed snorkel; the thick, ugly atomic tubes... he could not be in error. But what were they doing out there? He had to find out! As he sat there, trying to collect his senses, a light opened up and started systematically sweeping the shore. He instinctively dropped down on the seat, grabbed his Navy .45 from the glove compartment, and slithered out onto the ground. As he started easing away from the tell-tale car, the light caught it. After a few seconds, apparently satisfied that the car was empty, the spotlight continued along the shore for a few hundred yards, and snapped off. The lieutenant realized that he had not breathed since he had first seen the submarine.

Still carrying the pistol, he crawled to the edge of the cliff and looked down. Heavy drops of rain cut into his face, driven hard by the off-ocean wind. He could see nothing. He had to get down. He eased over the edge, cutting his hand on a sharp rock, and started down. His foot dislodged a rock, and he heard it rattle down the hill below him. Once again the spotlight came on, and stabbed points of light over the face of the cliff. It did not pick up his huddled form. He thought the light was nearer the shore, but he could not be sure.

Slowly and painfully, favoring his injured hand, the lieutenant worked his way down until he stood on the sandy beach. He thought he heard something, but the heavy waves pounding on the beach drowned out everything. He moved closer, and then he knew he heard it—a command, hissed in a guttural voice—in Russian! The lieutenant dropped to the sand,

straining his eyes, seeing nothing but white spray and rain. He rubbed his eyes, trying to clear them. He was soaked now, and cold.

Suddenly, a small rubber boat came tumbling over the surf, and bounced onto the beach. Three men picked themselves up from the sand, and one of them flashed a red light toward the ocean. An answering light came from the submarine. As the lieutenant watched, the men deflated the rubber boat, folded it carefully, and buried it in the sand. He could hear them talking quietly, one in Russian, and the others in English. Within a few seconds, the lieutenant learned that they were coming to do the same job to which he had been assigned—to get the secret records!—

Their conversation revealed that they expected to find a deserted base and no opposition. The lieutenant gritted his teeth. He would give them some opposition—more than they bargained for, at any rate. The three men moved quickly across the beach toward the coastal station. It was too late for a warning, and the lieutenant heard the crack of several shots, as the guards were disposed of.

As he watched, the Russians blasted open the heavy door and went inside, leaving one man by the door. The lieutenant pulled himself to his feet, and ran low across the sand toward the station. He came up by one side and stood erect, watching the thick-set guard as he looked warily toward the land, expecting any opposition to come from that direction. The lieutenant inched around the corner of the building, his body stiff, hardly breathing, moving toward the Russian. Within a few feet of his victim, the Russian suddenly turned, saw the American, and let out a hoarse cry. The lieutenant bounded forward, and struck him heavily on the head with his pistol butt. The guard fell silently.

The door burst open and a man ran out, carrying a sub-machine gun. He saw the lieutenant, and began firing, and the lieutenant felt a hot, searing pain in his left arm, but he fired rapidly—three times—at the man before him. The gun's clatter ceased abruptly, and the man dropped. Two down, and one to go. The lieutenant knew that if he stopped now, if he let the pain overwhelm him, he was finished.

With his arm dangling limply at his side, he pushed the front door open, and tumbled into the station. As he did so, he heard glass shatter on the lapid side, and rushed back to see a heavy figure climbing through the window. He fired once but the figure dropped from his sight. He ran to the window, and saw him running up the cliff toward the car. He started to fire again, and checked himself. There were only two shots left, and he had not brought another clip.

He ran quickly out the front door, and started pulling himself up the cliff. As he neared the top, he heard his engine roar into life, and he hurtled himself the rest of the way—in time to see the car start down the road toward the Naval base. He fired once at the left rear tire, and the car slewed sharply, wobbled crazily down the steep hill, and crashed at the bottom. No one moved. I've done it, he thought, when the bullet hit him in the back.

He whirled around to see the third Russian, having regained consciousness, facing him. A flash of light, and another shot ripped into the lieutenant's shoulder, and he cursed himself for a fool, knowing he should have done better, and fired his last shot. The Russian straightened up, hesitated a moment, and then fell backwards over the hill.

The lieutenant dragged himself down to the coastal station again, and pulled a phone from its hook. After what seemed like hours, a voice called out, and the lieutenant stumbled out his story. The voice went away, and another voice came on, but the lieutenant could not hear it. The Tele-Screen was switched on at headquarters, and the astonished commander saw the lieutenant's body slumped on the floor, near one of the dead Russians.

Men were sent out; the area was searched; and the boat was found. Based on the few words they had heard from the lieutenant, plus what they could figure out, the night's events were reconstructed. A Sonar search was made for the submarine, and it was found and destroyed.

Unfortunately, the lieutenant was not able to hear the speech made by the President, when he was awarded his posthumous Congressional Medal of Honor.

The End

SLASH by the Iron Greyhounds

A STALEMATE HUNG OVER THE RHINE. EACH DAY THAT THE RUSSIAN ARMOR AND INFANTRY DIVISIONS WAITED TO ATTACK, SO WAS THE TIME TABLE FOR THE SOVIET CONQUEST

OF EUROPE SET BACK. TIME WAS NOW ON THE SIDE OF THE UNITED NATIONS, AND THE RUSSIAN HIGH COMMAND KNEW IT AS THEY MET IN A RAILROAD CAR IN BADEN-BADEN...

YOU IDIOTS HAVE BLUNDERED! WE SHOULD BE IN PARIS RIGHT NOW, INSTEAD OF HERE, BEHIND THE RHINE. TOMORROW OUR GREAT BLOW MUST BE SUCCESSFUL, OR EACH OF YOU WILL BE PURGED! GENERAL BRONSKY, YOU WILL SPEARHEAD THE DRIVE AFTER THE BRIDGES ARE PLUNGED ACROSS THE RIVER!

I SHALL NOT FAIL, YOUR EXCELLENCY! I WILL SEE YOU IN PARIS!

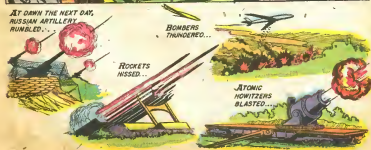


AT DAWN THE NEXT DAY, RUSSIAN ARTILLERY RUMBLED...

BOMBERS THUNDERED...

ROCKETS ISSUED...

ATOMIC HOWITZERS BLASTED...



UNDER A CURTAIN OF HEAVY FIRE AND THE HAZE OF BATTLE SMOKE, SEVERAL BRIDGES WERE THROWN ACROSS THE RHINE...



THEN THE MASSIVE ARMOR, FOLLOWED BY SWIFT, MOBILE SHOCK TROOPS, PLUNGED ACROSS...



THEY FANNED OUT, TEARING THROUGH THE ALSACE PLAIN, CRUSHING ALL OPPOSITION...



AMERICAN ANTI-TANK GUNS LOCATED IN THAT BUILDING DIRECTLY AHEAD. PROCEED AND DESTROY!

RANGE 500 YARDS... ELEVATION 30"... READY...

IT WAS THE SCORCHED EARTH POLICY REVERSED. ONLY THIS TIME THE RUSSIANS, ON THE ATTACK, WERE DOING THE SCORCHING...



MEANWHILE, AT THE HASTY REMOVED UNITED NATIONS FIELD HEADQUARTERS, COLONEL BEN KING ARGUED FOR ACTION...

BUT GENERAL STOKELY, MY VICTORY GUNS ARE STILL IN WRAPS / WHY DON'T YOU LET ME BRING 'EM UP AND USE THEM AGAINST THE RED TANKS?

WE'VE MADE OTHER COMMITMENTS, COLONEL. WE'VE GOT ARMOR WAITING FOR THEM / OUR TANKS ARE MORE MOBILE THAN YOUR GUNS. THE RED TANKS WOULD ONLY RUN YOUR GUNS INTO THE GROUND.



I SPEND THREE YEARS WITH ORDINANCE, PERFECTING MY BABIES. I SWEAT IT OUT UNTIL I GET THEM OVERSEAS. THEN YOU PARK ME ON A HILL AND SAY, SIT THERE... TWIDDLE YOUR THUMBS... AAAH!

DON'T WORRY, COLONEL! THERE'LL BE PLENTY OF TARGETS FOR THOSE VICTORY GUNS / JUST KEEP YOUR SHIRT ON, AND LET ME PICK THE RIGHT KIND OF TARGETS FOR YOUR BABIES!



BACK AT COLONEL KING'S ARTILLERY BATTALION, HIS OFFICERS GLUMLY HEARD HIS REPORT...

WELL, HOT SHOTS, I'M
RENAIVING THIS PLACE.
CALLING IT "KING'S
REST CAMP" NO, THEY
WOULDN'T GIVE ME A
TUMBLE AT HEAD-
QUARTERS / TOLD
ME TO SIT
AND WAIT!

OH, MY BACK! WE'VE
BEEN HERE FOUR
WEEKS WITHOUT FIRING
A SHOT! IF THOSE
GUNS AREN'T
GETTING RUSTY,
I AM!



BUT THERE WERE OTHER PLANS TO STOP THE
RUSSIAN ARMOR, WHICH WAS ROLLING ACROSS
THE ALSATIAN PLAINS.



IN THE LUXEVILLE WOODS, THIRTY MILES
DISTANT FROM THE RED SPEARHEADS...

THEN EET IS TIME
FOR ME TO MOVE,
GENERAL GROVES!
I WEEL ATTACK
FROM ZE SOUTH!

RIGHT! THEN BURNETT
HERE WILL RIP IN FROM THE
NORTH AND I'LL FOLLOW
FOR A KNOCKOUT STRAIGHT
DOWN THE MIDDLE FROM
THE WEST!

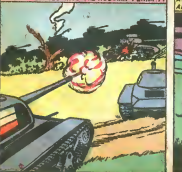


MOMENTS LATER, THE FRENCH ARMORED
CORPS BEGAN TO ROLL...

I SHALL LEAD YOU,
MY TANK POLUS!
TODAY WE SHALL TURN
DEFEAT INTO
VICTORY!



LIKE IRON GREYHOUNDS, THE LIGHT FRENCH
TANKS PLUNGED INTO THE RUSSIAN FLANK...



BUT THE RUSSIAN ARMOR TURNED BACK THE
ASSAULT AND SLASHED AT THE LIGHTER
ADVERSARIES.



PRECISELY AT THE MOMENT THE REDS TURNED SOUTH, THE BRITISH ARMOR PLUNGED INTO THEIR REAR FROM THE NORTH...



GOOD WORK, LADDIES!
HIGHLAND BATTALION...
MOVE UP ON MY LEFT
FLANK/LET THEM HAVE
THOSE HOWITZERS!

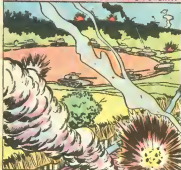
RUSSIAN GENERAL BRONSKY WATCHED HIS FLANKED ARMOR FROM A WOODED HEIGHT...

THE BRITISH SWINE ARE NOW ATTACKING FROM THE NORTH / KATRON, SIGNAL FOR FORMATION D... A CIRCLE WITH HEAVY TANKS IN THE CENTER / WE'LL CRUSH BOTH OF THEM



YES,
COMRADE
GENERAL!

THE RED ARMOR CIRCLED, BEATING BACK BOTH FLANK ATTACKS WITH SUPERIOR FIRE POWER...

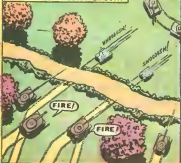


AT THIS MOMENT, GENERAL GROVES ISSUED HIS BATTLE ORDERS...

THIS IS IT, GANG / LET'S GO!
RIGHT DOWN THE MIDDLE FOR A
STRIKE / WE'LL TEAR
THAT RED CIRCLE APART
AND CHEW UP THOSE
HEAVIES SITTING
INSIDE!



THE AMERICAN TANKS, WITH REMOTE CONTROL MISSILE LAUNCHERS LEADING, CHIRPED INTO THE HARRIED RUSSIAN LINES...



IVAN, LOOK OUT!
AAAAAIEEE!

BLAM!

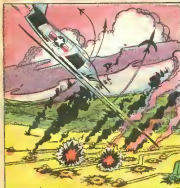
SUDDENLY, AS THE RUSSIAN ARMOR WAS COMPRESSED INTO A TIGHT RING BY BLOWS FROM ALL SIDES...

WE HAVE THE REDS WHERE WE WANT THEM! ATTENTION, ALL COMMANDS! DISENGAGE AND RETREAT TO ASSIGNED POSITIONS! THEN WATCH THE SLAUGHTER!



THE U.S. ARMOR WITHDREW. FOR THE MOMENT THE REDS THOUGHT THEY HAD ANOTHER CHANCE, THEN THE SKY GREW DARK WITH PLANES...

AMERICAN PLANES! WE WERE FOOLED! ORDER AN IMMEDIATE RETREAT!



RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!
ALL IS LOST!

A A A H E E E E!



ON A HEIGHT, TEN MILES AWAY, COLONEL KING AND HIS MEN WATCHED THE SLAUGHTER.

NOW I CAN SEE WHY THEY DIDN'T USE MY GUNS! IT WAS ALL PLANNED FOR THE BEST, MALLYO!

YEAH, THAT TANK-PLANE COMBINATION WHICH GENERAL STOKELY USED WAS PERFECT FOR A KNOCKOUT! OUR GUNS COULDN'T HAVE TURNED THE TRICK!



SUDDENLY, THEIR ATTENTION WAS TORN AWAY FROM THE SMOKING JUNKYARD OF RUSSIAN ARMOR BY AN ALERT...

RED PLANES HEADED THIS WAY! TROOP CARRIERS! THEY'VE BEGUN TO BAIL OUT!

WHAAA... GET THE PERIMETER GUARD OUT! OUR GUNS MUST BE PROTECTED AT ALL COST!



THE RED TROOP CARRIERS ROARED OVERHEAD...



LIEUTENANT, THERE'S A MESS OF REDS COMIN' UP THE BACK OF THE HILL / GRAB A BOX OF A-GRENADS AND FOLLOW US!



THEY MUST BE AFTER OUR GUNS!

GIMME THOSE GRENADES / THERE'S A WHOLE COMPANY HEADED THIS WAY!



THE ATOMIC GRENADES HURTTED THE TERRIFIED REDS DOWN THE HILL...

C'MON, YOU AIR-BORNE RUSSKIES / THESE GRENADES'LL MAKE YOU FLY WITHOUT WINGS!

THEY'RE LAMMING OUT, COLONEL / THEY'VE HAD ENOUGH!



BUT FROM ANOTHER DIRECTION, RED EFFORTS WERE MORE SUCCESSFUL...

THEY DESTROYED ONE OF OUR GUNS / C'MON, WE'VE GOT TO STOP THEM!



THAT'S THE LAST OF OUR GUNS YOU BLAST / THOSE BABIES GOT A LOT OF WORK CUT OUT FOR THEM... TO CUT YOU ALL TO RIBBONS!

AMERIKANSKI! I'LL GET YOU... AAARG!



A HALF HOUR LATER, COLONEL KING CHECKED HIS PERIMETER GUARD ...

HOW'S IT GOING, FELLERS?

IT'S QUIET NOW, COLONEL / THERE ARE FIFTY RUSSKY PARATROOPERS AT THE BOTTOM OF THE HILL WHO'VE MADE THEIR LAST JUMP!



SUDDENLY, A STAFF CAR ROLLED IN...

I SEE YOU CLEARED UP THOSE PARATROOPERS, COLONEL / NOW IT'S YOUR TURN / YOU'VE GOT A MILLION TARGETS COMING UP. RED INFANTRY IS MASSING JUST BEYOND ST DIE / WE CAME UP TO WATCH YOUR VICTORY GUNS WORK THEN OVER!

THAT'S THE BEST NEWS I'VE HEARD YET / LET'S GO MEN / STRIP THOSE BABIES FOR ACTION!



MOMENTS LATER...

FORWARD OBSERVERS REPORT APPROXIMATE RANGE TEN THOUSAND YARDS, ELEVATION 33 DEGREES. FIRE BLUE NOSE LOCATOR SHELLS!

FIRE BLUE LOCATOR SHELLS!

FIRE!



WITH ONE VAST CRESCENDO, THE VICTORY GUNS SPOKE...



THE RADAR CONTROLLED LOCATOR SHELLS ZOOMED TO THE GROUND OVER THE PACKED RUSSIAN MASSSED INFANTRY, THEIR DELICATE MECHANISMS FLASHING BACK CORRECT TARGET RANGES.



LOCATOR SHELLS REPORT RANGE CORRECTIONS / NINE THOUSAND SEVENTY SIX YARDS, ELEVATION 31° FIRE AT WILL!



THE GREAT MUZZLES SWUNG TO POSITION AS THE ROBOT LOADERS PRIMED THE GUNS...



BAROOM!

I HATE TO BE ON THE RECEIVING END OF THIS SALVO!

KEE-RIPE! THOSE BLASTS REALLY SHAKE MY INSIDES!



JAGGED HOT STEEL FLASHED IN THE SKY AS HUNDREDS OF SHELLS EXPLODED AMONG THE MASSSED INFANTRY...



YIHIL... IT'S THE END OF THE WORLD!

ARRRGH!

THE PLAIN QUIVERED AND SHOOK AS IF A GIANT EARTHQUAKE HAD BEEN UNLEASHED...



WHEN THE "CEASE FIRE" CAME, THE PLAINS FOR FIVE SQUARE MILES AROUND WERE LIKE A SILENT MASS GRAVE...



BACK AT THE SILENT GUNS...

THESE GUNS LIVED UP TO THEIR NAME! THEY'RE GONNA BLAST A PATH TO FREEDOM ALL THROUGH EUROPE!

I HOPE THEY POUND A LESSON INTO THE RUSSIANS... THAT WE MEAN BUSINESS! THE TIDE HAS TURNED, AND NOW WE'VE TAKEN THE OFFENSIVE OUT OF THEIR HANDS!



THE END

OUR MARINES' LIFELINE to the sea was in danger. A Communist force of 4,000 men had seized the key hill overlooking Hagaru-ri in the desperate Chosin Reservoir fighting. The hill had to be taken. But there were no combat forces available.

Lieutenant Colonel Myers, then a major, rallied together clerks, cooks, and other service personnel, and led a makeshift unit of 250 men in an assault up the snow-covered 600-foot hill. Lacking combat officers and non-coms, Colonel Myers ranged the entire attacking front, leading his outnumbered forces upward in the face of murderous fire concentrated on him. After 14 hours of struggle, the enemy was routed, the hill captured, and the route to the sea secured. Colonel Myers says:

"When a handful of men can help turn the tide of history, just think of the invincible strength of 150 million people working toward a common goal—a secure America! That's what you, and millions of people like you, are accomplishing with your successful 50-billion-dollar investment in U.S. Defense Bonds.

"Peace doesn't just happen—it requires work. Our troops in Korea are doing their part of the job. You're doing yours when you buy Bonds. Together we can hammer out the peace we're all working for."

* * *

Now E Bonds earn more! 1) All Series E Bonds bought after May 1, 1952 average 3% interest, compounded semiannually! Interest now starts after 6 months and is higher in the early years. 2) All maturing E Bonds automatically go on earning after maturity—and at the new higher interest! Today, start investing in better-paying Series E Bonds through the Payroll Savings Plan where you work! Or inquire at any Federal Reserve Bank or Branch about the Treasury's brand-new bonds, Series H, J, and K.



Lt. Colonel
Reginald R. Myers, USMC
Medal of Honor



Peace is for the strong! For peace and prosperity
save with U.S. Defense Bonds!



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Reducing Specialist Says:
LOSE WEIGHT

Where
It
Shows
Most

REDUCE

MOST ANY
PART OF
THE
BODY WITH

UN
ENDURANCE
SUPPORT
APPEALS

Spot Reducer

Relaxing • Soothing
Penetrating Massage

**ELECTRIC
Spot
Reducer**



Take pounds off—also slim and trim with Spot Reducer! Remarkable new invention which uses one of the most effective reducing methods employed by massagers and Turkish baths—MASSAGE!

PLUG IN
GRASP
HANDLE
AND
APPLY

LIKE a magic wand, the "Spot Reducer" obeys your every wish. Mass any part of your body where it is loose and flabby, wherever you have extra weight and inches, the "Spot Reducer" can aid you in acquiring a youthful, slender and graceful figure. The beauty of this scientifically designed Reducer is that the method is so simple and easy, the results quick, sure and harmless. No exercises or strict diets. No steambaths, drugs or laxatives.

**Don't Stay FAT—You Can LOSE
POUNDS and INCHES SAFELY** Without Risking
HEALTH

With the SPOT REDUCER you can now enjoy the benefits of RELAXING, SOOTHING massage in the privacy of your own home! Simple to use—just plug in, grasp handle and apply over any part of the body—waist, face, chest, neck, thighs, arms, buttocks, etc. The relaxing, soothing massage breaks down FATTY TISSUES, tones the muscles and flesh, and the increased circulation blood circulation carries away waste fat—helps you regain and keep a finer and more GRACIOUS FIGURE!

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When you use the Spot Reducer, it's almost like having your own private massager at home. It's fun reducing this way! It not only helps you reduce and keep slim—but also aids in the relief of those types of aches and pains—and nerve strains that can be helped by massage. The Spot Reducer is handily made of light weight aluminum and rubber and truly a beautiful invention you will be thankful you own. AC 110 volts. Underwriters Laboratory approved.

TRY THE SPOT REDUCER 10 DAYS FREE IN YOUR OWN HOME!

Mail this coupon with only \$1 for your Spot Reducer on approval. Pay postman \$6.95 plus delivery—our send \$9.95 full price and we ship postage prepaid. Use it for ten days in your own home. Then if not delighted return Spot Reducer for full purchase price refund. Don't delay! You have nothing to lose—except ugly, embarrassing, undesirable pounds of FAT. MAIL COUPON NOW!

ALSO USE IT FOR ACHES AND PAINS



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MUSCULAR ACHES:

A handy helper for instant relief of discomforts that can be aided by gentle, relaxing massage.

**LOSE WEIGHT
OR NO CHARGE**

USED BY EXPERTS

Thousands have lost weight this way—in hips, abdomen, legs, arms, necks, buttocks, etc. The same method used by single, screen and radio personalities and leading reducing salons. The Spot Reducer can be used in your spare time, in the privacy of your own room.

ORDER IT TODAY!

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